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WHEN WOMEN VOTE.
When women vote the air will ring with arguments on everything. They'll rack their brains, progressive souls To plunge us into mental holes. And spank their babies at the polls, When women vote.
When women vote each will find A duplicate in womankind— Their wicker sisters will draw cash, And with hairpins and powder puff The ballot boxes they will stuff, When women vote.
When women vote, this life will seem One large nightmare, fearful dream— Some wicker sisters will draw cash, Their politics with ours will clash, And God knows who will cook the ha When women vote.
When women vote, we men will be But spectators of humanity: Like ghosts we'll sit from place to place, A hungry, thirsty, desperate race— For we'll have nothing left but space, When women vote.
—New York World.

LOVER'S LETTER BOX.

I had had a duel the preceding autumn in consequence of a little adventure which has nothing to do with the present story, and I was in a fair way to get into another, for I was paying court in furious fashion to a fair Italian, whom we shall call, if you like, Princess Milford.
The princess was a very beautiful woman, dark as night; but it was not a starless night, for she had eyes about which one could write volumes. She was about 30, and had a ferocious husband.
He could not abide me. She, on the contrary, delighted to evince toward me an affection that was scarcely maternal, though she was my senior by some seven or eight summers. After having ventured, without sustaining serious injury, to tell her that I thought her very beautiful, and that her smile was simply maddening, I had come to the stage where one repeats such avowals in writing. The difficulty lay, not in writing, but in delivering the letters under the very nose of her husband, a bearded ruffian who never left her side.
Well, on a certain winter night, while all Paris was skating in the most august company, I took advantage of a moment when the princess had laid her magnificent blue foxskin muff down on a bench beside her to slip my epistle into it.
The princess saw my maneuver plainly, and the glance she gave me made it apparent to me that I need not fear she would denounce me to the police. Then we separated, for I saw the prince's eyes fixed on me with a queer expression that I wondered seriously if he did not suspect something.
Mme. de Milford, a tall, supple woman—a little slender, perhaps—was an unequalled horsewoman and an indefatigable dancer; but, like a true Italian, she did not shine on the ice. She even had a fall once that made me shudder; but she was on her feet again at once, safe and sound. She had not struck her head. However, though the victim of an apparently ordinary accident, she disappeared for a moment into the ladies' dressing room. Was she badly hurt? No. Five minutes later she glided on the ice mirror again, more intrepid than ever.
During the evening I managed to get near her for a moment, and murmured to her in a voice tremulous with emotion: "Take care! If you should fall again into mischief."
"Have no fear," she replied, "I have taken precautions," and she was swallowed up again in the throng.
An hour later a supper party was made up. The fair Italian was of the number, and, as you may imagine, I had arranged to be one, too. Presently we were ensconced in a salon of the Cafe Anglaise. In our salon, which was lighted up as bright as day, everybody was in the jolliest humor possible, the princess above all. I remember that as she stood at the grate warming her adorable little foot at the blaze, some one nudged me and murmured: "I say, old man, Mme. de Milford is not so thin, after all."
And to tell the truth, I was surprised and charmed at a certain opulence of figure which I had never observed before. But I was torn from my dreams by the prince's voice.
"My dear," he suddenly called out to her, "where have you left your muff?"
That animal was the very incarnation of order.
Now that was a simple question, and perfectly legitimate in the mouth of him who asked it. But the princess blushed to her ears, while I felt my almost boundless face grow pale. I was even so imprudent as to glance at my accomplice, and I thought I read in her eyes an anguish easy to explain. The muff was a trifle—but the note!
After a seconds' hesitation she replied with a certain embarrassment: "I—I do not know. Perhaps it is still in the carriage."
Without a word the Prince went downstairs. I would have given a bale of fox-skins, of no matter what color, to have had the accursed note in my pocket. As to the Princess, even at the moment of peril she smiled. Oh, these women! what nerve they have in the very face of death! I was already rehearsing in my mind's eye the episode of Francesca and Paolo, and I confess the role of Paolo had few attractions for me. Just then the Prince returned with an ominously impassive face.
"The muff is not in the carriage," he announced in a solemn tone.
I breathed again. It meant a few minutes' respite.
"Then," said Mme. de Milford, approaching the table with a more careless air than ever, "I must have left it at the lake. In the meantime, while it is in the head, but the one I had that day exceeded the limits of belief.
"Madame," I said, sniffing like the waste pipe of a bath, "I have passed the night searching for it, or, at least, preventing your husband from finding it. The horse is foundered, the driver is probably dead, and I—I fear, am not long for this world. All that the most devoted forethought could—cou— A statutory cataclysm that made the very strings of the princess' piano dance out me short. Astonished, the princess started.
"It is nothing," I said, with the calm that precedes new storms. "I sneezed."
"Heaven bless you," responded the

is being found, let us have supper. I am dying of hunger."
If you will believe me, this strange woman ate with a hearty appetite. She was more beautiful and gayer than ever, fairly sparkling with wit and the life of the party.
To tell the truth, I had no appetite. The Princess even had the audacity to rally me about it.
"Come, M. de Clonat," she called out—I was at the farther end of the table—"you are solemn as an owl tonight. Have you left your wits at the lake with my muff?"
My wits, they certainly deserted me. How could I have failed to think of the one thing to do? Fortunately, the Princess' ingenious phrase had put me in mind of it.
"The fact is, madame," I replied, "I am not very well. I feel quite chilly."
In truth, I had not a dry stitch on me—and I am afraid I was imprudent in not going home directly. With your permission, and that of these ladies, I shall do so at once."
Two minutes later I was in a cab on my way to the lake in the Bois. Heavens! how far it is from the Cafe Anglaise to the Skating Club, at 2 o'clock in the morning, with the thermometer 20 degrees below freezing point, when one is in a cab, and his head full of awful ideas!
"Evidently," said I to myself, "the husband suspects something. To-morrow, that Othello will move heaven and earth to find his wife's muff—and my note. And a fool note it is, now that I think it over in cold blood. But one needn't write like Voltaire to get a woman into a horrible hole. I must find that muff. The Princess' gaiety was only feigned—I could see that in the look she gave me just now. Not only my life depends on it, but hers, too. Oh, the devil fly away with love!"
At the lake the last torches were being extinguished. The glittering arena was almost empty. At the buffet, in the dressing-room, on the ice, everywhere, my search was useless. I had offered 100 francs reward for the muff, but in vain. Many things had been lost that night: handkerchiefs, gloves, jewels and even—pardon my fidelity to detail—three or four circlets of silk elastic of various hues. That was all. There was no more sign of a muff than there was of the Venus de Milo, who had no need of a muff, and for an excellent reason.
Perhaps it had been stolen. Perhaps whoever had found it intended to deposit it with the police next morning. Perhaps it had already been left with some officer of the police. In any event, I must be before the Prince. Without losing another minute, I jumped into my cab again. The driver, half dead with the cold and more than half drunk with the brandy he had taken to warm himself up, stared at me with a bewildered air when I ordered him to drive me to the nearest police station. There, after having aroused the unhappy man in charge, I charged him to deliver the famous muff only to me if it should be brought to him, promising him a goodly sum if he returned it to me. At three other stations I did the same. If I had had time, I would have visited all the twenty-four stations in the city. I minded neither fatigue nor cold. I must save a woman—an adored woman, but not too clever. The idea of forgetting her muff in such weather! She would have forgotten her umbrella on Mount Ararat in the deluge!
One last precaution, and the most essential, remained to be taken. I absolutely must go to the prefecture of police. The first difficulty was that the Siberian cold—it was now 3 in the morning—had been too much for my driver. The unhappy man was dead drunk on his seat. I had to climb up beside him, gather up the reins, and drive his old nag with one hand, with the other passed around my Jellu, who was snoring away like a steam engine, emitting fumes that I feared would intoxicate me myself, by stupefying odor alone.
At the prefecture I had a relative, an uncle whom I never went to see, because he always read me lectures. The good man certainly did not suspect that he was going to receive his nephew that night. His functions being such that he might be called on at any hour, he lived in the same building. I had no scruples in having him aroused, so, after having set my driver near the stove to thaw, I hurried into my uncle's apartment in such a disheveled state that the old man—who really loved me—seized me in his arms.
"My God, boy!" he cried. "What terrible business is this?"
"There has been no murder done yet, my dear uncle," I stammered, for I was so cold my tongue refused to do its work. "I have come to beg your aid to prevent the killing of two persons, in at least one of them you are strongly interested."
Thereupon, my teeth chattering like the clatter of a mill, I told him the story of the note and the muff.
My uncle began by giving me a twenty-minute lecture, which, however, had the virtue of giving me time to get warm again.
"And as for your discretion," he concluded, "this is no time for such foolishness. You must tell me the husband's name, in order to prevent his finding what he is looking for, and also what he is not looking for."
I had to give in. Besides, my uncle is the most discreet of men, and, to tell the truth, the princess has since had adventures much more renowned than that. I gave my uncle the prince's name and took my leave, having his promise that the muff should be delivered to me alone if it were brought to the prefecture; and, at about 5 o'clock in the morning I let myself into my rooms, after having walked home to restore the circulation of my blood.
At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, with a trembling hand, I rang at the princess' hotel. I had a plausible pretext—too plausible, alas!—to explain my early visit—that accused muff. In the course of my life I have had a cold princess mechanically. "But how is it you say you passed the entire night? I do not understand."
"The muff," I stammered.
At these words the princess broke into a fit of laughter which I punctuated with hoarse coughs.
"The muff?" she said at last, when she could control herself to speak, "Why, there it is."
She pointed out on a table a strange object, deformed by prolonged compression.
"Where was it?" I exclaimed, bewildered.
"Where was it?" repeated the prin-

cess. "Never mind. Do you remember my fall upon the ice?"—Translated for the San Francisco Argonaut from the French.
DAN RICE HALE AND HEARTY.
Veteran Clown Weighs 200 Pounds and Expects to Live a Century.
Every now and then somebody writes to the newspapers inquiring whether the original Dan Rice, the circus man, is alive. These questions amuse the famous old clown, who lives here with his sister, and has resided here for many years, says the Long Branch (N. J.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He is in excellent health, and weighs nearly 200 pounds. One of the letters of inquiry was shown him the other day, and he replied: "There is only one Dan Rice, and the original is certified with his signature, and the name is below on the bottle. I don't know that I ever heard of anybody taking my name. Not, at least, in the East. It wouldn't do, you know. Too many circus-goers remember me. Some day when I am gone a base imitation may be foisted on the market, but that will be a long time to come. I'm over 75 now, and I'm going to live to be 100. That's the way my horoscope was cast some years ago, and I'm a pretty lively old man for my years, especially when you take into consideration the rough life a circus man has had to lead. The original Dan Rice? Why, I should say so, and I cannot understand how anybody ever came to think I was dead."
Dan says he is engaged in writing an autobiography, and if it is ever published it will be a very complete and entertaining history of the circus business in this country for half a century. The old clown occasionally goes to New York or some nearby place to see his friends. He went to Newark several weeks ago and appeared before the public at an exhibition given by Pete Conklin and Dan Costello, two prominent clowns, who got their training under Rice, having entered his service when they were boys. While in Newark he drove out to Franklin and visited Edson Stone, the venerable bareback rider. They were glad to see each other and talked over old times for an hour. There is nothing Rice is more proud of than the number of picnics he used to give to children when he took his circus around the country.
Cumberland's Great Trick.
On the journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg, Cumberland, the well-known anti-spiritualist and thought-reader, entertained his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travelers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Cumberland the sum of fifty rubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Cumberland acceded to his request, and said: "You are going to the fair at Nishni-Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the amount of 20,000 rubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt, and compound with your creditors for 3 per cent."
On hearing these words the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse, and handed him the fifty rubles. Whereupon the great magician triumphantly inquired: "When I have guessed your thoughts, eh?"
"No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."—Podmokker Wochenblatt.
Jolting Cure for Nervous Trouble.
"It is a fact well known to specialists in nervous diseases," said a leading physician the other day, "that patients suffering from spinal troubles are greatly benefited by riding in street cars or in a wagon over a rough road. The noted Dr. Charcot took advantage of this fact to devise an ingenious form of helmet, which, when placed upon the head, caused rhythmic vibrations to be imparted to the entire body. I have at present a patient who is afflicted with an incurable disease of the spinal nerves, who has the usual train of symptoms of sharp, darting pains in the limbs, contractions of the muscles and stiffness of the joints. Every day for the past two years he has been accustomed to board a street car and go over the entire route two or three times. This practice never fails to relieve his most troublesome symptoms and insure a good night's rest. Since the introduction of the trolley he has some difficulty in finding a street car line with roadbed uneven enough to give the requisite amount of jolting."—Philadelphia Record.
Expected Too Much for \$8.
He was not of the upstartdom in traveling circles from appearances, and the man with the diamond behind the hotel desk assigned him one of the poorest rooms in the house—one which was never given out except when the house was unusually crowded. The bellboy "showed the gemmen up," and the clerk had an opportunity to consult the bar, a thing which he had done about once too often already that evening. In a few moments the guest had returned to the desk.
"What kind of a room do you call that?" he demanded, and he was white with rage. "That is the worst room I ever saw. Why, there are rats in that room as big as pug dogs."
He never "phased" the clerk. The latter turned around to the speaking tube and calling the engineer, said: "Turn about five more volts on my stud till I kill this cheap drummer," and then turning again to the guest, he said bluntly: "Rats, do you say? Well, what do you expect for \$3—white mice?"—Indianapolis Sentinel.
Soup for a Queen.
Those who would like to sip a soup of which the English Queen is specially fond must prepare one as follows: Take half a pound of pearl barley and set in a stewpan with three pints of veal stock. Simmer very gently for an hour and a half. Remove one-third to another soup pot, rub the rest through a sieve, pour it to the whole barley, add a half pint of cream, season with a little salt, stir till very hot, and serve.
Seems Ridiculous.
The theory that the remains of animals form the raw material from which petroleum is formed by nature is still held by some prominent scientists.
Mourner on a Wheel.
A recent Berkshire, Pa., funeral was graced by the presence of a mourner on a bicycle.

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